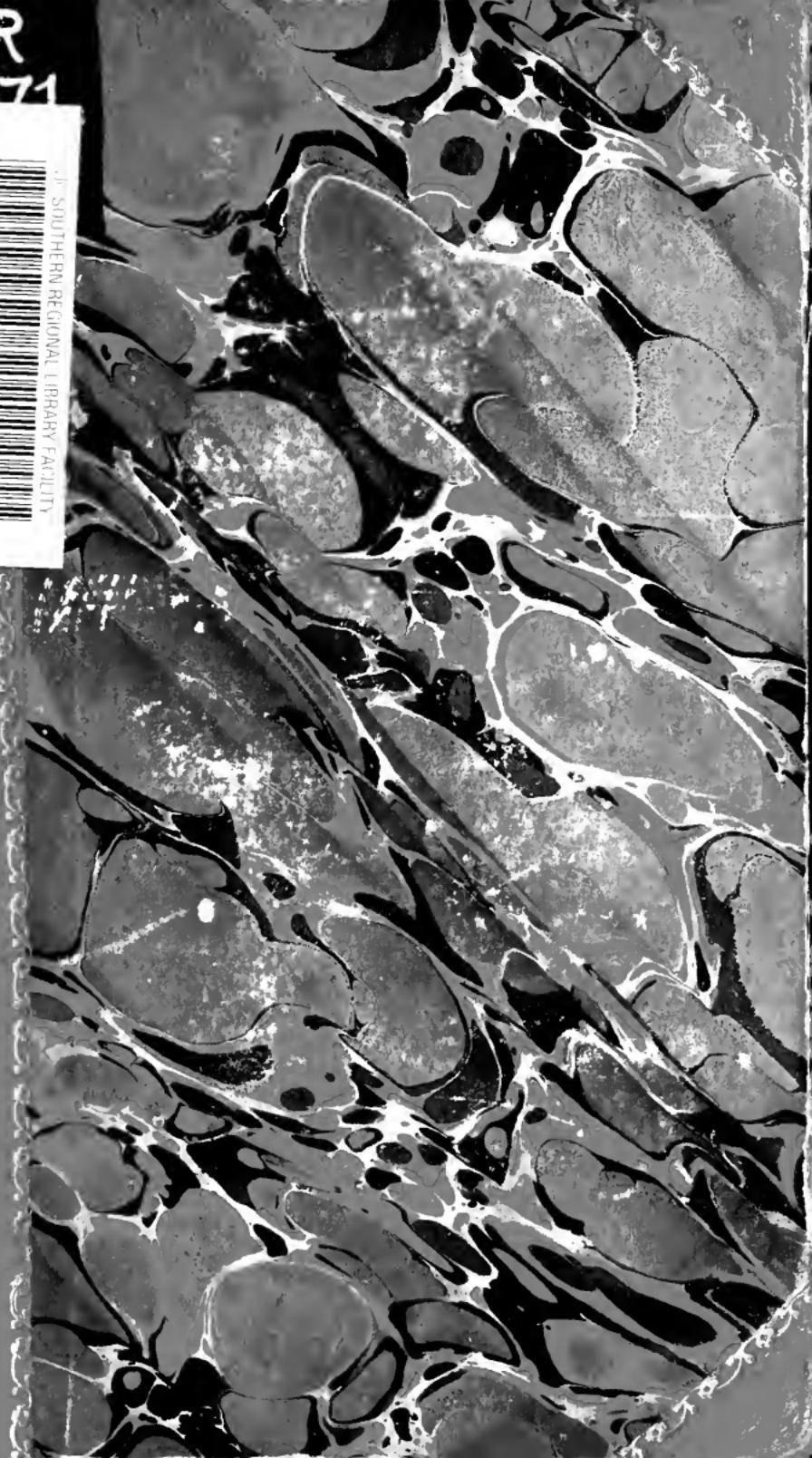


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AMY ROBSART,

EMMA,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

NICHOLAS TORRE, Esq.

FORMERLY FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

“ Ambition’s schemes I’ve seen depart,
“ Have rued of penury the smart,
“ Have felt of Love the venom’d dart,
“ When Hope was flown ;
“ Yet rests one solace to my heart,—
“ My Harp alone.”

ROKEBY.

Cheltenham :

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LONGMAN AND CO. AND G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER, LONDON ; AND
MUNDAY AND SLATTER, OXFORD.

—
1824.

Printed by J. J. Hadley,
Queen's Buildings, Cheltenham.

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AMY ROBSART.

“ What signifies that I have rank and honour in reality, if I am to live an obscure prisoner, suffering in my character, as one of dubious or disgraced reputation ? ”—

“ Oh ! if there be judgment in Heaven, thou hast deserved it, and wilt meet it ! Thou hast destroyed her by means of her best affections. It is a seething of the Kid in the Mother’s Milk.”—

Kenilworth: by the Author of Waverley.



AMY ROBSART.

YE brave and gay, whose courtly forms were seen
First in the train of England's virgin Queen,
When festive pomp your royal mistress charm'd,
Or war's loud note her jealous ear alarm'd,—
Say, noble Knights! if, tir'd or careless grown
Of beauty's ranks that cluster'd round the throne,
Ye vainly languish'd, for some form of light,
To fix your homage, and entrance your sight,
One—at whose nod a thousand swords might wave,
One—at whose feet ye each would kneel,—a slave—
Did no sly page your steps to Cumuor guide?
No rumour whisper, 'Look on Leicester's bride?'

What—throng'd ye not in festal pomp the board,
The nuptial banquet of your god-like lord;
Nor rais'd the goblet, with accordant sign,
To pledge the welfare of your host in wine?
Saw ye not Dudley, with a mien of pride,
Pride in his fame, yet prouder of his bride,

Amid the fairest daughters of the north,
Herself most fair, his blushing choice lead forth ;
Whilst admiration fix'd the general gaze,
And secret envy turn'd to silent praise ?

And say, when scenic pomp, and festive glee
Adorn'd his gates to welcome Majesty,
When knightly feats, gay masque, and minstrel's rhyme,
Pour'd all their spells to gild the wings of time,
Grac'd not the bride, in scenes of stately mirth,
'Mid queen-led dames, the halls of Kenilworth ?

Not such the life that faultless beauty led,
Whose fate was cast with Leicester's lord to wed :
At love's command, though wealth, with magic haste,
Wealth beyond all her sex could wish or waste,
Adorn'd her home, it's stores in vain adorn,
And mock the heart with secret sorrow worn.
O empty vanities of gold and pearl !
The wife avow'd of England's noblest Earl,

'Midst England's matrons seeks, with virtuous pride,
Her only honour by her husband's side:
This the base laws ambition owns deny;
This—the vain schemes of craven policy.

Through Lideote's halls no eye with joy grew bright,
When their young heiress pledg'd her nuptial plight;
No sound of revelry that rite confess,
No parent's lips those vows approv'd and blest;
His was the grief, that comes with tenfold weight,
To weep and wonder o'er her doubtful fate;
Nor her's less bitter agony, to know
A word she must not breathe might end his woe.

" And why," in gentlest tone would Amy say,
" Why seeks my lord this long, this sad, delay?
" Ah! were his wish sincere, could aught withstand
" The laws which man and Heav'n alike command?"
" Little thou know'st, love," would her lord reply,
" What stern decrees my unfeign'd wish defy.

“ Like those, who climb some sandy steep, are they
“ Who toil in courts ; on must they hold their way,
“ Till some firm rock support their wearied feet,
“ For, if they fall, derision’s smile they meet.
“ High ’mid the nobles of this favour’d land,
“ Full well I augur ’tis my fame to stand ;
“ Yet must my course be onward sped, to gain
“ The point that saves me from the world’s disdain.
“ Then, with the hard-earn’d wreath of honour
 crown’d,
“ Where glory smiles and fortune’s gifts abound,
“ Amply I’ll do thee justice :—Soon the days,
“ (And hope shall gild them with her brightest rays)
“ That we must mourn, shall vanish ; soon shall cease
“ This worse than war, and all for us be peace.
“ Then, taught by grief each blessing to improve,
“ Endear’d still more, for trials strengthen love,
“ Then shall we meet, unknown these harrowing
 fears,
“ And feel, without the pain, the bliss of tears.”

O worthless sacrifice to pow'r and pride!
O sacred name of honour vilified!
For this—to peril, woe and wrong, betray'd,
No voice to comfort, and no arm to aid,
Herself a stranger in her own wide halls,
Herself a captive in her castle-walls,
And e'en from these by brutal menace torn,
The bride of Leiccester lives alone to mourn.

Quench'd is that fire, which bright yet harmless
play'd
From eyes that seem'd in liquid light array'd;
Yet from those dark blue orbs how soft the ray,
Like Eve's mild star, when sunlight fades away!
Joy's smile hath fled, yet oh! can aught eclipse
The beam that breaks from those divided lips,
That tells, though man hath wrought her earthly ill,
Mute resignation to a mightier will!
She mourns, but murmurs not: oppress'd by woes,
What heart rejects the balm that hope bestows?

And hope was her's, that soon, with joy elate,
Freed from the trammels and fatigues of state,
By true love taught ambition's schemes to quell,
And 'midst his wide domains with her to dwell,
Weary would Leicester turn.—Pensive and pale,
Scar'd by each sound that swells the passing gale,
Sad as th' imprison'd bird, she wears away
The ling'ring hours and chides her lord's delay :
“ Ah me ! how fondly on his looks 'twas mine
“ To gaze, and feed with rapture ; mark each sign,
“ That gave delight's or grief's impression there,
“ The smile of peace, or thoughtful brow of care !
“ How fondly have my thoughts in absence fed
“ On all, when last he came, his lips have said ;
“ Dwelt on his tender glance when forc'd to part,
“ And treasur'd up (how deeply !) in my heart
“ Its melancholy sweetness !—Dudley, now,
“ True to thy word, and mindful of thy vow,
“ Wilt thou not come again ?—I know thou wilt,
“ My every hope alone on thee is built.”

Hark! 'was the watchful ear of love misled?
Oh! heard it not the horseman's hurried tread?
Hark!—the glad sound so oft, so long, implor'd—
It is—it is—the signal of her lord.
He comes; not vain the one fond hope she nurs'd,
All wrongs forgotten, every grief dispers'd,—
A thousand feelings rushing o'er her breast,—
One bound she gave, and—

—Who shall tell the rest?—

Dare ye gaze, murderer's! down that dark abyss?
Are there no thunderbolts in Heav'n for this?
Dare ye—Oh God! the heart grows sick, and bleeds,
To name, or think on, this accurs'd of deeds.
And thou, false lord! aye—doff that mien of pride,
Call on the hills thy guilt and shame to hide;
Call—but in vain! look on that bleeding corse,
And live—the victim of long deep remorse!

Tear thy young friend, kind Raleigh! tear away
The frantic youth from that warm mangled clay:

Still kindred grieves his tend'rest aid require;
He yet may soothe a broken-hearted sire;
That care-worn wreck he yet for years may save,
Or smoothe his passage to a welcome grave.
Vain hope! not long that reverend form demands
Care more than filial from Tressilian's hands;
Soon shall be heard the parent's latest groan
O'er the sad pillar of his hope o'erthrown.
Peace to his ashes!—far from Lidcote's vales
The sad survivor spreads his venturous sails:
Yes—spread thy sails, Tressilian! o'er the main,
But ne'er shall happiness be thine again.
I too have known the bitter task to pine
Life's hours away in sorrows such as thine;
To mourn, like thee, o'er hopes destroy'd; and hide
From worldly view the pangs of wounded pride;
More bitter still, when worldly scorn reviles,
To mask the heart's corroding grief in smiles:
I too have known how weak his hope, who bears
To climes remote a mind o'ercharg'd with cares;

And vainly trusts, to varied scenes convey'd,
O'er trials past to draw oblivion's shade.
Weak is that hope for thee! where'er thine eyes
Search for repose, that mangled form shall rise;
Brief shall thy sorrows be, thy days be brief,
For time's slow work is soon perform'd by grief.

These are not fiction's dreams, nor fancy's woes;
It's tear on truth the aching heart bestows.
And ye, whom chance or sympathy awhile
May lead to pause 'mid Cumnor's ruin'd pile,
If tender feelings in your breasts prevail,
Will shudd'ring sigh at Amy's thrilling tale.
There to your thoughts in rapid view shall rise
Forms of past years, the beauteous, brave, and
wise;
To memory's eye shall, new with life, be seen
The wavering statesman, and the jealous queen;
The faithful friend, the worse than childless knight,
And, curs'd of Heaven, the murderous parasite.

Oh wretch! remorseless o'er thy victim-prey,
Inur'd to lift thy reckless arm, and slay;
To join with arts by wiliest courtiers known
Crimes—we dare hope exclusively thine own;—
Whose life not one redeeming virtue own'd,
Whose death, self-dealt, still less thy sins aton'd,
No heart so far the wrath of Heav'n defies,
In death or life for thee to sympathize.
Yet to the partner of thy guiltiest deed
One tear be giv'n: oh! in his hour of need,
When, fast approaching to that dreadful goal.
The stings of conscience must have smote his soul,
When slow, yet certain, death's last pang drew
nigh,
Who, who can point the zealot's agony?

Oh! often thus, when ev'ning twilight fades,
My thoughts will people Cuinnor's awful shades;
Indulge in visions of departed years,
My heart all anguish, and my eyes all tears,

'Till rapt in trance I hear, or seem to hear,
That dying moan invade my startled ear;
Then with wild haste I quit the shadowy plain—
Yet Eve returning finds me there again.

EMMA.

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charg'd with unshed tears.

BYRON.

EMMA.

'Tis Eve—empurpling with it's parting beam
The fleecy clouds, with mellow'd light that gleam,
How sinks, less bright, yet lovelier in decline,
Day's radiant orb beneath yon groves of pine.
Calm is the face of nature; hush'd and still
The sounds that woke an echo from the hill,
When busy hinds, ere noon was on the wane,
Beguil'd their labour with the rustic strain.
Now silence reigns, broken by fits alone
By the sweet night-bird's soul-entrancing tone,
That, like some maiden, sick with hope delay'd,
Pours forth it's plaint beneath the hawthorn shade.

It was no feeling, such as those that prey
On the worn heart lamenting hope's delay,
That o'er thy bosom, in this heav'nly hour.
Fair, artless Emma! held ecstatic pow'r:

Though thy heart flutter'd, as the gentlest breeze
Wav'd the light foliage, whisp'ring thro' the trees,
The guileless thoughts, that held dominion there,
Were not the offspring of corroding care.

And why doth Emma, as the orb of day
Sheds o'er the tranquil scene his fading ray,
With lightsome step, and meek yet cheerful air,
To yonder elm's luxuriant shade repair?
'Tis not to listen to the Nightingale,
Whose plaintive melody enchant's the vale;
'Tis not to nourish secret thoughts, and brood
O'er fancied ills in twilight solitude;
Nor wear in meditative mood away,
With none to soothe, the hour of parting day.
A voice than Philomel's to her more sweet,
There at this hour the timid maid shall greet;
And purest thoughts, in gentlest words convey'd,
Breathe nought but peace beneath the hallow'd
shade.

So deem'd her heart:—but woe to those, who haste
Of wily love's alluring cup to taste!
Though bright with gems and burnish'd gold it shine,
Though round it's brim, with odours most divine,
Glow all the sweets Arabian coasts bequeath,
Ephesian aconites are hid beneath.

Maid of the bosom light, and dark blue eye !
Who to yon elm with cheerful step draw'st nigh,
Oh ! too unconscious of the flame, that glows
Deep in thine heart, the tyrant of repose ;
How shall that breast, as yet from sorrow freed,
With weighty pangs and mingled passions bleed ;
How shall those eyes, the tear unknown to shed,
Unless from joy's ecstatic fount it sped,
Be dimm'd and bath'd with bitt'rest tears of pain,
As slow thy footsteps homeward turn again !

[eye,

The well-known spot she reach'd ;—her bright'ning
Her cheek suffus'd with modest pleasure's dye,

Her joyous smile, her quicken'd step, declare
The hope fulfill'd, that Albert lingers there.
But who can paint the palsying shock that stole
Life from her heart, and seiz'd upon her soul,
When,—as with innocent delight she prest
To hide her face once more on Albert's breast,—
With sudden keenness burst upon her view
His alter'd mien?—No more the kindling hue
Of joy in meeting lit the manly brow,
Ne'er had she seen it ting'd with grief, 'till now.
The soothing tone, that more than all endears,
The look that welcomes, and the smile that cheers,
Were his no more;—the eye, that once could reach
Oh! far beyond all eloquence of speech,
When turn'd on hers it's tender glance,—was
stain'd
With sorrow's dew, and fix'd on earth remain'd.

“Albert!” the maiden sigh'd, tho' scarcely found
Her voice the pow'r to falter forth the sound;

“ Dear Albert !”—(oh ! the wordless lips of love,
When woes oppress)—in vain to speak she strove
And gath’ring from his looks the worst of fears,
Sunk on his breast, unmindful of her tears.
With hers his tears were mingled; sweet the hour,
When grief o’er youthful hearts extends its pow’r,
If with our tears the tears of beauty flow,
And two hearts feel the luxury of woe !

“ Emma ! how brief our season of delight—
“ Emma,” he whisper’d, “ we must part to-night.”
“ Aye—every night, but not in tears, like this,
“ ’Twas ours to part—again to meet, in bliss;
“ But now—” “ Aye, now—for weeks, for months,
“ we sever ;
“ Perchance for years; perchance, Oh God ! for
ever.

“ We may not meet, when morn her smiles renewes,
“ We may not meet, amidst these evening dews ;
“ War calls thine Albert, from this lov’d retreat,
“ ’Till war subsides, again we may not meet.

“ But, dearest Emma !”—and, in mildest tone,
In her distress, forgetful of his own,
He strove to comfort,—“ Soon may war subside,
“ Soon pass the storms that thus our lot divide :
“ And if (which Heav’n for thy sake grant !) be
spread
“ The dove-like wings of mercy o’er my head,
“ Think how, each scene of peril tried and past,
“ Our sun of happiness will shine at last. •
“ Then shall parental smiles my choice approve,
“ And Hymen’s torch shall light our lamp of love.”
Vainly he tried to soothe ; her eyes she rais’d,
Yet when on his imploringly they gaz’d,
Tears fell more fastly, with renew’d alarm,
Nor look nor language, waken’d pow’r to calm.

She had not held communion with her heart ;
Nor deem’d for friends ’twere possible to part,
Or ever fix’d for lovers ; nought had pow’r,
Beyond the gladness of the passing hour,

Innocent girl ! her secret thoughts to move,
She had not ask'd her bosom, What is Love ?
Now all was chang'd ; at length the light had broke
Full on her soul, at length her thoughts had woke
From that interminable dream of bliss,
And happier hours were all forgot in this.

Care had been known to Emma ;—she had shed
Childhood's sweet tears o'er each mate favourite dead—
The sorrow of a moment ;—she had seen
Her mother's cheek more pale, or less serene
Her father's brow,—tears came, but pass'd away,
And left no pang,—the sorrow of a day !
If care had come, it came without it's blights,
Cheerful her toils, and guileless her delights,
When morning dawn'd, to happiness she rose,
And prest, at eve, the pillow of repose.

Now was all chang'd indeed ; and who hath pow'r
To paint the anguish of that bitter hour,

When on her ear in fault'ring accents fell—
Ill-omen'd word—her lover's last farewell ?
Oh ! how that word, like Death's funeral toll,
From love's warm lip falls heavy on the soul ;
Forbids the heart hope's genial balm to share,
And plants a momentary madness there !
Fell it less mournfully on Emma's heart ?—
Oh ! had she learn'd in misery's school to part
With each bright promise youthful fancy drew,
And found the purest hopes the most untrue,
Strove with misfortune from her earliest years,
Been born in sorrow, and baptiz'd in tears,
Happier than now the lovely maid had prov'd,—
And more than happy—had she never lov'd.

New scenes to witness, shores unknown to
tread,
To form fresh schemes by thirst of fame misled,
With friends to mix in one great cause agreed,
'Mid care and toil a wand'ring life to lead,

Will soon, 'tis said, from man's vain heart remove
Those thoughts that once were solely giv'n to love.
Far from those scenes, where still his fancy strays,
And paints the raptures of his idler days,
Far from that leading light, and call'd to range
Life's busy world in warfare, man may change ;
Man to new objects, new pursuits, may rove,
And learn to trifle with the oaths of love.

Days pass'd, and weeks, roll'd on ; and thrice the
 moon,
Th' inconstant moon, had chang'd; alas ! how soon
Days, weeks, and months, in fairy brightness move,
With those we love—devoutly, purely love!
But, ah ! how slowly wear the hours away,
When mourns the heart o'er plighted love's decay !
Spring scarce had clos'd, when last on Albert's arm
Fair Emma leau'd, redoubling every charm
That deck'd the scene, in Albert's raptur'd eye,
By apt remark, and innocent reply.

Spring pass'd—he came not; Summer o'er the isle
Had shed it's loveliest bloom, it's latest smile,—
He came not yet; beneath th' autumnal ray
Leaves fell, and flow'rs were hast'ning to decay;
Short grew the days, and chill the ev'ning air;
Sad was the scene—for Albert was not there.

“Spring shall return,” the suffering mourner
“said,

“And o'er the vale it's verdant mantle spread;
“Restore the freshness of the twilight hours,
“Revive the leaves, and renovate the flow'rs;
“Yet, ah! to one so lost, so lone as me,
“If heav'n shall grant the spring's return to see,
“To view these scenes again, as fresh and fair
“As when—O memory! in mercy spare
“These bitter thoughts ;—if e'er mine eyes behold
“The bloom and beauty of the spring unfold,
“Not to this breast, when wint'ry tempests cease,
“Shall vernal sunshine bring the smiles of peace;

“There is no medicine for this bleeding smart,
“No bright to-morrow for this broken heart.”
Thus, rapt in melancholy thought, and giv’n
To mournful presage, yet with eyes to Heav’n
Uprais’d, and soul to her Creator’s will
Thro’ all it’s agonies submissive still,
She sate: there dwelt upon her cheek the while
A something beautiful—’twas not a smile—
’Twas no unusual lustre in the eyes
Consumptive beauty sheds before it dies ;
’Twas that placidity, serene and mild,
That marks the features of the sleeping child ;
That calm expression Saints around have cast,
Full of Heav’n’s bliss, just ere they breathe their
last.

Is this the form, angelically fair,
That seem’d each grace of rosiest hue to wear?
Is this the form, each village maid I hear
Sighing exclaim, (for she to each was dear)

That gave, thro' every scene, where'er it rov'd,
New life to gladness, envied yet belov'd?
Well might they add, that not 'mid scenes alone
Where gladness reign'd was Emma's presence
known:
Where widow'd helplessness it's lot bewail'd,
For pale disease where earthly succour fail'd,
Where orphan innocence for pity knelt,
Her aid was known, her consolation felt:
To pain and poverty she brought relief,
The dove of promise to the ark of grief;
Each care-worn brow grew brighter when she
came,
And hope's faint spark re-kindled into flame.
She was the village pride and favourite;
In her the young, the aged, took delight,
The poor, the wealthy; and there liv'd not one,
Who with a Rival's envy sought to shun
The eye of Emma: jealousy was not;
And in her goodness all her charms forgot.

Still lov'd the maid, or seem'd as erst to love
The garden-walk, the terrace, and the grove ;
Still near the vine-clad elm her steps delay'd,
Sad scene of past delights :—alas ! poor maid—
Unheeded now the songster's cheerful lay,
Untrimm'd the vine, the garden in decay,
She wander'd forth, bewilder'd and alone,
Herself a blighted flow'r less fair than none !

Beautiful Emma ! Angels bright and fair,
If sent on earth a mortal form to wear,
Tho' reft of heav'nly charms, could ne'er repine
Their garb of beauty to exchange for thine.
Go to thy native skies ! without alloy
To share a pure eternity of joy,
'Mid sister angels in their blest abode,
And fearless meet thy Saviour and thy God !
For thou hadst known no sin ; to thee were giv'n,
Of all that lift from earth their prayer to Heav'n,

A mind most perfect, tho' matur'd in shade,
A heart most pure, and hence too soon betray'd:
Suspicion dwelt not there—but rest, oh rest !
Grief, that too long within it form'd her nest,
Like some foul bird that haunts the fairest tree,
No more shall rear it's hideous brood for thee !

CLEOPATRA.

SHALL peerless beauty ask an early doom,
And regal pride seek refuge in the tomb?
The pomp of empire, and the lust of pow'r,
Have these no charms in life's meridian hour?
No charms can these to woman's mind impart,
Nor to the world restore the wounded heart?

Call it not vain, nor smile with stoic scorn,
That feelings keen the female breast adorn;
That worldly glories tame and pow'rless prove,
To soothe the memory of buried love.
Oh! when that beam, illum'd with heav'nly fires,
That beam of love, immers'd in night, expires,
Where are the charms this chequer'd scene can show,
Our joys to heighten, or avert our woe?

E'en royal breasts, that spark extinet, have known
That peace and pleasure dwell not near a throne.

Pale with th' approaching death her hands have
wrought,
Yet calm and fearless at it's awful thought,
Behold th' Egyptian Queen! whose beauty's fame
Surrounding realms and distant shores proclaim;
Whose bright perfection hath the world engross'd,
And for whose smile of love the world was lost.

Not always thus—when, bounding to the gale,
The burnish'd galley spread her silken sail;
And the proud Cydnus saw, with glad surprise,
Forth from his waves a second Venus rise.
Not always thus—when countless nations pour'd
Their noblest legates to her festive board:
There, in his native tongue, each wond'ring guest
With winning grace th' accomplish'd queen ad-
drest.

Far from the pageantry of prosperous days,
Far from the incense of obsequious praise,
Far from ambition's schemes, or conquest's charms,
Love's blithesome hours, or war's accurs'd alarms,
Her thoughts have wander'd ;—far from these remov'd,
And solely centred on the chief she lov'd,
Denied with him, in pleasure's festal hour,
To share the gifts and lavish smiles of pow'r,
Denied with him, albeit in Roman chains,
To linger life away—one wish remains :
With him the self-dealt blow of fate to brave,
And share in death her lov'd Triumvir's grave.

She dies ;—but not neglected or alone—
In courts and councils let the tale be known !
Dwells there in hireling breasts such love, such
faith ?
An early grave, a voluntary death,
With their lov'd mistress each attendant maid
Undaunted hails, and grasps the welcome blade ;

Their queen's last sigh shall mingle with their own :—
Hear this, ye slaves that fawn around a Throne !

LOVE.

O how this spring of Love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day ;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Shakspeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

How various are thy ways, O Love! how oft,
As the light dew-fall on the valley soft,
'Tis thine to glide within the human heart,
Peaceful, yet arm'd with pow'r! No joys impart
Delight so pure, so free from worldly stain,
And fraught with Eden's primal bliss again.
Thou, as the star of Eve, serene and mild,
In pow'r supreme, in purity a child,

Canst lull the bosom with thy bland controul,
And lap in Paradise the prison'd soul.

Yet oh! how oft thy wiles the heart surround,
Wound where they touch, and poison where they
wound!

Then in thy smile destruction lurks unseen,
Then, like the evening star, no more serene,
Thou like the fiery meteor shap'st thy course,
Scattering despair, and ruin, and remorse.

What art thou, Love! that breathest with thy kiss
Unequall'd misery, or unsullied bliss;
At will canst banish or create distress,
Alike the source and bane of happiness?
What art thou, Love?—in hours of grief or glee,
Poetic fancy forms it's theme of thee;
To thee devotes, in rapture or despair,
It's ode of joy, or elegy of care.

ABSENCE.

“ IF Music be the food of Love,
“ Play on”—my bosom needs the balm :
Oh that the strain at length may prove,
Productive of a moment’s calm !
Stay—cease—it is the very strain,
When last we met, Corinna play’d ;
'Twas melody most soothing then,
But now it mocks the peace it made.

Oh ! tune the strings to other airs,
And sing of love’s unchanging truth ;
Of love, in life’s decline that wears
The silken chain it wore in youth :
Alas ! tho’ sweet the theme, no more
It’s sound to me a bliss imparts ;
In hours of absence what can pour
The oil of peace on bleeding hearts ?

ABSENCE.

They say—(and I had thought the same)
That he feels less who quits the scene,
Where Love first lit his sacred flame,
Than she who stays where each have been :
They say, 'mid other climes to range,
New friends to find, new shores to see,
The truest heart may tend to change,
And blunt the keenest memory.

But I have wander'd o'er the world,
On every sea my bark have plied,
Have been on rocks of peril hurl'd,
And launch'd again on pleasure's tide ;
'Mid toil or ease I have not sought
New friends to meet, new joys to find ;
But every sigh, and every thought,
Have giv'n to her I left behind.

They say—(and true perchance they say)
When Love but slightly wounds the heart,

FROM THE FRENCH.

Though parting vows be hard to pay,
That absence quickly heals the smart:
But mine has been a deeper wound;
Corinna's charms triumphant prove;
For I have rang'd the world, and found
That absence only strengthens love.

FROM THE FRENCH.

—
Oh ! at the sudden sight of her
In early days I once ador'd,
Again I turn'd Idolater;
A single glance the flame restor'd.

The slave may thus from bondage fly,
And freedom's breath inhale,—in vain:
Ere long he meets his master's eye,
And turns to chains and toil again.

FRIENDSHIP.

Who shall it's praise to friendship's charm deny,
Or mark it's raptures with distrustful eye ?
Falsely they deem it like the cistus flow'r,
The transient sun beam, or the April show'r;
Falsely it's reign to summer's flight compare,
Form'd and dissolv'd by " trifles light as air."
It is no flow'r that blossoms for a day,
It is no light that lures us to betray ;
No work that shrinks from time's or fashion's test,
Like a bright bauble or embroider'd vest :
Pure is the source that gives to friendship birth,
A flow'r that blooms 'till rooted from the earth ;
A light that with unvarying lustre shines,
Like the rich jewel in Golconda's mines ;
Of earthly blessings justly prov'd the chief,
In pleasure dear, and doubly dear in grief.

CALEB BALDERSTONE.

“ ——He saw him reach the fatal spot, but he never saw him pass further.——No trace whatever of horse or rider could be discerned.—One only vestige of his fate appeared. A large sable feather had been detached from his hat, and the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted it to Caleb’s feet. The old man took it up, dried it, and placed it in his bosom.”—

Bride of Lammermoor, vol. 3, page 127.

VAIN search along the rocky shore !
Vain search the rising tide beneath!—
Nor trace of strife, nor stain of gore,
Proclaims the fatal spot of death.
Here, last beheld by anxious eyes,
In furious haste the victim sped;
Yet will not ocean yield his prize,
Nor treacherous sands restore the dead.

Go, faithful Vassal! know'st thou not
'Twas doom'd that, on the Kelpie's flood,
Thy lord should end his earthly lot,
Last of the race of Ravenswood?
Go, search no more! it's destin'd prey
The wide tenacious depth retains;
Nor vestige left, in light of day,
Of steed or rider yet remains.

But mark! a plume of sable hue
Borne on the rippling wave appears;—
Aye—wipe away the briny dew,
And press it to thy lip in tears!
Yes—place it in thy faithful breast,
And wear it next thy feeling heart;
It once adorn'd thy Master's crest,
And ne'er from thee thro' life shall part.

Yet brief the remnant of thy days,
Brief shall thy term of sorrow be;

For life's protracted length conveys
It's charm and zest no more to thee:
Amid those old forsaken halls
Thy faltering steps awhile may roam;
But blest shall be the hour that calls
Thy spirit to it's "last long home."

C

LINES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

MAID of the bright blue eye! for thee
If friendship's hand the lyre may wreath;
If rude and artless minstrelsy
For thee the votive lay may breathe;

Believe the Muse, that cries, Beware!
Beware of Love's insidious light!
Bewild'ring lustre harbours there,
The fairest hopes of youth to blight.

Array'd at first in sunny smiles,
The tyrant of the heart draws nigh;
With honied words his lip beguiles,
And sweetly sounds his murmur'd sigh.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Too oft 'tis Woman's lot to find
How soon his fancied charms depart;
And leave in bitter sport behind
The wither'd hope—the broken heart.

Oh ! if to thee—(and who can shield
From darts like these her gentle breast ?)
If e'er to thee his fire reveal'd,
Love come to mar thy peaceful rest ;

My pray'r be this—whene'er you light
His sacred torch at Hymen's shrine,
May all his thorns be hid from sight,
May all his flow'rs alone be thine !

Then, by parental choice approv'd,
May one with thee unite his lot,
One—solely for himself belov'd—
For worldly dross availeth not.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Be his, each day of every year,
The muse's warning false to prove ;
And teach that, e'en in mortal sphere,
Unruffled bliss may spring from love !

THE
NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

—
A FRAGMENT.
—

— Come hither, Julia!
Look on this portrait—(nay, my love, that blush
Is needless)— it was not design'd for thee ;
Though pleasing the resemblance, which for years
It hath been soothing to my soul to trace.
This portrait was thy Mother's :—weep not, Love !
I do not weep for her ; for it hath pleas'd
The will of Him who gives and takes away,
Whose pow'r is just, whose wisdom infinite,
Ere she could taste aught but the sweets of life,
To call her spirit hence, and to exchange
Her earthly house for one not made with hands,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Eternal in the heav'ns: she was not form'd
To bear the chilling frost, the withering blight
Of rude adversity, and wordly woe;
And, happily for her, she was not doom'd
To feel their bitter arrows at her heart.
She died to give thee birth;—thou, Julia!
Hast only known a Father's tenderness;
But fondly hath that Father strove to blend
Paternal counsel with a mother's love.
Kiss me, my child—oh! well hast thou repaid
The watchful cares, the deep solicitude,
The fears, hopes, wishes, endless—(and unknown
To all but parents)—of a parent's heart,
O'erflowing with affection t'wards the pledge,
The only pledge, of death-divided love.
'Twas on this day she died; and sixteen years,
Shedding their silver o'er thy father's head,
But adding each a livelier bloom to thee,
Have pass'd; since the last tender offices,
That love requir'd, these trembling hands fulfill'd.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Thou little know'st, my Julia ! why these eyes
Reflected not the sunny smiles of thine,
When with thy morning salutation came,
On this returning day, the innocent prayer
For some remembrance of the op'ning year.
Swiftly the seasons have perform'd their course,
Since last that prayer was granted, which e'en now
Again had falter'd from my Julia's lips,
But that her father's sadness check'd her tongue.
Take this, and think upon thy Mother ! Go,
And do thou likewise !—

Thou hast thy Mother's beauty, Julia !
Oh ! let her virtues live again in thee ;
And when the grave shall be my resting-place,
And I shall join, as is my humble hope,
This blessed saint in Heav'n,—then, my child,
God will be thy protector !—if the blasts
Of pain and sorrow roughly visit thee,
He will bestow thee comfort, and remember,
Though He be pleas'd to try thee with affliction

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

He ever smites in mercy ! Yet if life
Hath nought for thee but happiness in store,
If lengthen'd years add increase to thy bliss,
Think not the less upon thy Mother's fate,
Nor oh ! forget thy God :—I in my youth
Remember'd my Creator, and it pleas'd
The pow'r, that in it's wisdom wounded me,
To hear the sighing of a contrite heart,
And bless with comfort my declining years :—
Never forget thy God !

THE
BROKEN HEART.

—
FROM THE SKETCH BOOK.
—

Oh! many an eye, with purest lustre bright,
Hath early lost it's captivating light ;
And cheeks grown pale, that glow'd with roseate bloom,
And forms declin'd in silence to the tomb ;
Yet who hath guess'd the secret cause that gave
Bloom, beauty, youth, and lustre, to the grave ?
As the struck dove with folded wing conceals
The feather'd dart, whose fatal wound she feels,
So Woman, doom'd affection's blight to prove,
Hides from the world the pangs of wounded love.

Like some fair tree that stately form appears,
Which high to heaven it's leafy honours rears ;
Pride of the grove, in beauty though it blooms,
The worm within it's heart unseen consumes.

LINES

WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

SUMMER has fled; yet many a lingering flow'r
Amid the fading scene may still be found,
Unwilling to desert it's native bow'r,
And shedding sweet tho' dying fragrance round:
Faint is the sunbeam on the distant hill,
To those gay hues our summer twilight wove;
Yet 'mid the changing scene the redbreast still,
Breaking alone the silence of the grove,
Breathes on the chilling gale it's melody of love.

The flow'r that smiles now all beside are flown,
Tho' the cold winds have marr'd it in it's bloom,
The bird that wakes the desolate wood alone,
The yellow sunlight ling'ring 'mid the gloom,—
Oh! they are most like those bright hopes that dwell
Within this heart, reluctant to depart,

LINES WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

Which knows their fallacy, yet loves too well
The transient joys such happy dreams impart,
To bid their falsehood cease, and leave a blighted
heart.

Too soon the bird will hush it's gentle lay,
Which now comes softly on the moaning wind ;
The flow'r will fade, the sunbeam melt away,
Nor leave a sparkle of it's light behind :
And thus my hopes will vanish ;—In that hour,
When fancy's visionary joys must cease,
May memory too forsake it's wonted pow'r,
And give me back forgetfulness and peace ;
Or my heart break at once, and be it's own re-
lease !

DESPAIR.

'Tis past—farewell to every bliss !
To peaceful hours a long farewell !
If there's a hopeless pang, tis this—
To love, and dare not break the spell.
My heart was once, in wild commotion,
Alive to joy in all it's forms ;
Now, like a weed uptorn from ocean,
'Tis doom'd the sport of waves and storms.

Hope once was mine, as fair and bright
As e'er the pilgrim's toil beguiles ;
A heart was mine, as gay and light
As e'er exists in beauty's smiles ;
Now mourns that heart it's promise faded ;
None share, none soothe, it's deep regret ;
The star of hope, in sorrow shaded,
Hath set, in early life hath set.

DESPAIR.

Within the deep control of love
A nameless charm—a magic—dwells ;
And they, condemn'd it's pow'r to prove,
In vain shall strive to burst it's spells.
Yet blest, thrice blest are they, who nourish
Love—taught by mutual love to bloom ;
For them in this world peace may flourish,
For me—'tis only in the tomb !

SYMPATHY.

WHEN the heart's sighs responsive sighs endear,
And tears call forth the sympathising tear ;
To lips that mourn when soothing lips reply,
Sweet is the tear, and sweet the answering sigh :
And few from thought this cheering truth dismiss,
That e'en in sorrow there may still be bliss.
Yes—there is bliss in sorrow, balm in woe,
When beauty's eyes, their sympathy bestow ;
When beauty's lips, that ever plead for grief,
Pour all their eloquence to yield relief.

INES

TO MARGARET.



“ Segniūs irritant animos demissa per aurem,
“ Quām quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus——”



WHATE'ER the ear of man may reach,
A charm of feeble pow'r unfolds,
Tho' deck'd in all the flow'rs of speech,
Compar'd with what the eye beholds:
So sung the Sabine Bard; and we
Are slow to deem his words deceiving;
For half the modern world agree,
That 'seeing only is believing.'

So—Margaret! tho' I hear thy praise
From lips perchance as sweet as thine,

LINES TO MARGARET.

Yet marvel not I long to gaze
On charms that rumour paints divine.
I have nor seen thee; yet thy face
And form to me familiar seem;
Like spirits of celestial race,
Beheld in slumber's shadowy dream.

E'en now methinks that hazel eye
It's beam of lustre turns on me;
I seem to hear thy secret sigh,
Thy smile of peace methinks I see:
Rich with the sweets of every flow'r
That Hybla boasts, that lip appears;
That voice of Syren sound and pow'r
E'en now enchant's my ravish'd ears.

Oft have I thought, thy courser's feet
O'er Cambria's peaceful hills to guide,
Would prove to me a task more sweet
Than all the busy world supplied.

LINES TO MARGARET.

With thec on nature's charms to gaze,
· To sketch the view admir'd by thee,
Gain from thy lips my meed of praise,
The summit of my bliss would be.

For oh ! to Cambria's mountains wild
A nameless charm—a spell—belongs ;
And dear to me hath been the mild
The plaintive thrill of Cambria's songs :
How blest by Clwyd's banks with thee
O'er many a poet's page to rove ;
And feel a breathless ecstacy,
Whene'er the magic theme was—Love !

Then Margaret ! forgive the heart,
The heart sincere, tho' wild and free,
That throbs in every pulse and part,
To breathe it's secret thoughts to thee !
Forgive the eye, that careless views
Each face and form, 'till thinc be known ;

LINES TO MARGARET.

Forgive, and deign to hear, the Muse,
That pours her song for thee alone !

POEMS

ADDRESSED TO CORINNA.

She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The morning star of memory !

BYRON.

I scarcely dar'd, at no far distant day,
To think that ever verse of mine might show
The ardent love I bear thee ; and although
Surprise at first forgiveness may impede,
I trust that feelings cherish'd long ago
By both will glow afresh when thou shalt read
Affection's " changeless faith," and for my pardon
plead.

Bernard Barton's Poems.

I.

'Tis not thy beauty,—tho' to thee be given
Features less form'd to deck this earth than Hea-
ven,—

'Tis not the magic of thy dark blue eye,
Beaming in full yet softened brilliancy,
Alone that strikes and charms the passing gaze,
And wins sincerity to sweeten praise.

'Tis not thy beauty :—but in thee is seen
The matchless grace, the modesty of mien,
The deep humility, the mild address,
That speaks at once the bosom's artlessness.

When gentle gales diffuse the rich perfume
At dewy morn from nature's purple bloom ;
Or stars have gemm'd the ebon brow of night,
And lunar radiance bathes the vales in light ;
Oft have I wish'd for thee :—with thee to talk,
To be the blest companion of thy walk,

With thee at morn to tread the spangled glade,
With thee to muse amid the moon-lit shade,
View and admire each scene with thee alone,
And make thy feelings and delights mine own,
Hath been my prayer ;—for all around I see
Cold, dim, and cheerless, not beheld with thee,

Oh ! had with thine my lot been early cast,
With thee had life's propitious morn been past,
A secret monitor my heart informs,
It had not been the prey of sorrow's storms.
Oh ! had it known the dear delights that bless,
And smoothe with flow'rs life's rugged wilderness,
Had known to prize, by Heav'n's more kind decree,
The sacred bliss of wedded love with thee ;
In every change of fortune or of home,
Where'er inclin'd to rest, or urg'd to roam,
Impell'd to desert wastes and mountain isles,
Or led to range where endless summer smiles,

Joy had with thee a double welcome found,
Or mingled tears subdued misfortune's wound.

II.

Why should sorrow shade, love,
Those eyes of heav'nly blue ?
Were diamonds ever made, love,
To be dissolv'd in dew ?

Chase those tears away, love,
For whence should spring thy fears ?
When faith and truth decay, love,
Those eyes may droop in tears.

But faith shall ever last, love,
And truth shall ever bloom ;
'Till all my days be past, love,
On this side of the tomb !

III.

When from Lockleven's prison tow'rs
Fair Scotland's queen her flight pursued ;
And chang'd for freedom's blither hours
Her night of captive solitude ;
For ever at her palfrey's rein,
All his fond care on her bestow'd,
O'er beaten track and pathless plain,
Dejected Douglas onward rode.

Silent—for she was full of care—
The Rose of Scotland eyed the scene ;
Silent—for his was sad despair—
The faithful Douglas watch'd the Queen :
His heart with purest love beat high ;
His feelings deep—his thoughts intense—
Oh ! words may win, and lips may sigh,
But eyes have more of eloquence.

Thus by thy side, from morn 'till night,
Like him with feelings deep o'ercome,
'Twas mine to urge my courser's flight :—
And oh ! if I, like him, was dumb,
If I, with heart too full for words,
Breath'd in thine ear no flatt'ring strain,
Think not that silence less affords
A proof of love's entrancing pain !

For those who deepest ever feel,
Their thoughts can ill by words express ;
And those, who love with purest zeal,
By looks alone their love confess.
It's tend'rest truth the eye imparts,
Nor thou my diffidence reprove ;
But, credit, in sincerest hearts,
That silence is the soul of Love !

I gaz'd on each enchanting scene,
For Nature's charms were fair to view ;

I gaz'd—but oh ! with feeling keen
From thine my sole delight I drew.
To memory dear, for ever dear,
That day of boundless bliss shall be ;
And all my hope, thro' life's career,
Be this—to live or die for thee !

Corinna ! bless'd with all the charms,
That Scotland's injur'd queen array'd,
If vex'd like her with wild alarms,
Be I the Douglas to thine aid !
Yet oh ! as thou from Mary's faults
Art free, nor know'st her worldly care ;
Though I like Douglas hide my thoughts,
Ne'er may I feel his deep despair !

IV.

I said, should'st thou smile, dearest girl, when we met
In the world's gayer circle again,
Thy faithful adorer would quickly forget
The hours he has languish'd in pain :
Yet in mirth's careless moments the smiles of the fair
To all are unmeaningly given ;
As the flow'rs of the valley impartially share
The rays of each sunbeam from Heaven.

V.

In life's lonely hours, when no pleasure is smiling,
When hope no return of content can foresee,
No friend my full heart of it's sorrow beguiling,
Oh! then, dear Corinna! I'll think upon thee.

When the gay voice of pleasure illumine my sadness,
To the circle of friendship my summons shall be,

In the season of mirth, in the moments of gladness,
Oh ! then, dear Corinna ! I'll think upon thee.

Though doubt and despair may my bosom be rending,
Though cold be thy heart, and unkind thy decree,
To adversity's storm though resignedly bending,
Oh ! still dear Corinna ! I'll think upon thee.

Yes—the soothing remembrance I'll ne'er cease to cherish,
In peace or in peril, in grief, or in glee ;
And e'en in the hour when I'm summon'd to perish,
I'll think upon thee, love, I'll think upon thee !

VI.

'Tis on the brow of blackest night
That glancing meteors brightest play ;
Most dazzling then their fairy light,
Then wand'ring swains they lead astray.

And thus for thine effulgent eye
I've mark'd a train of meteors fall ;
In their deep contrast heavenly,
So bright the glance, so dark the ball.

I gaze—admire :—Can ought like this
Mislead a pilgrim doom'd to roam ?
No—'tis the beacon light to bliss,
Domestic love, and happiest home !

VII.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

Swift o'er the dark blue waters of the deep
In stately pride the gallant vessel flew ;
Bright grew each eye that late was seen to weep,
And loud each tongue that scarcely sigh'd adieu :
And joy prevail'd, as favouring breezes blew ;

For all were fill'd with eager hope to find
Strange sights, and novel scenes, and pleasures new ;
Those varied charms that have so oft combin'd
To cheer the youthful heart, and captivate the mind.

My thoughts were far away : what tho' mine eyes
With listless gaze were fix'd upon the sea,
Watching the white foam round the vessel rise,
Or now reverting to the distant quay ;
Oh ! not for me, Corinna, not for me
Could charm be found in either, to remove
Those thoughts from one sole settled object—thee !
How dark or bright soc'er my path may prove,
Thine only be my thoughts, thine ever be my love !

VIII.

Fare thee well ! in grief or gladness
Should my memory move thy breast,

Oh! think on one,—to soothe thy sadness,

Or share thy joys,—supremely blest.

Fate, cruel fate, that lot refuses,

And far from thee my steps shall roam ;

Where solitude har blessing loses,

And peace no more endears my home.

Fare thee well ! those words of sorrow

More confirm than grief can say ;

Ah ! who shall wear a smile to-morrow,

Whose lips have breath'd those words to day ?

How bright soe'er the hope we cherish,

Whate'er of firmness boasts the heart,

The heart shall droop, the hope shall perish.

From such as thee condemn'd to part.

The hours, that by our joys we measure,

Are fleet, and “ few and far between ; ”

They come—they pass—like dreams of pleasure,

But who forgets they once have been ?

No, no ! o'er hope's decaying embers
My heart may brood in sadness now ;
But still with joy those smiles remembers,
That in my presence grac'd thy brow.

And wilt thou smile again to bless me,
And cheer with love's sweet hope my lot ?
Wilt thou be kind, when cares oppress me,
And, far away, forget me not ?
Too rapturous thought !—but we must sever ;
All my heart feels I dare not tell ;
I dare not say, Farewell for ever !
Again we *may* meet—Fare thee well !

IX.

Destin'd far from his own native mountains
In thirst o'er the desert to roam,
When the traveller sighs for the fountains
That flow'd near the vale of his home ;

Should his eye glancing wildly discover
Some spring to refresh with it's balm,
Despair quits the perishing rover,
And life seems still blest with a charm.

Thus condemn'd like an outcast to wander
O'er life's troubled ocean alone,
Each tie that endear'd torn asunder,
Each friend with prosperity flown ;

I have mourn'd o'er the hopes I had
cherish'd,—
False hopes I am still left to form ;
I have envied the meanest that perish'd,—
I am still left to combat the storm.

But a tie to my misery binds me ;
On my bosom an amulet lies :
In the depth of despair that reminds me,
There is one still untaught to despise.

One flow'r my path still is adorning,
One heart still untainted I see;
Whilst others it's feelings are scorning,
That heart still beats faithful to me.

That heart in adversity sought me;
I was reconcil'd—sooth'd—by it's balm:
Ever lov'd be that heart! it hath taught me
Life still may be blest with a charm.

X.

Thou know'st me not, if thou should'st think
This heart, denied with thine to link
Thro' life it's varied lot,
Could e'er its ruin'd hope survive:
Oh! should'st thou deem that I could live,
And bliss, apart from thee, receive—
Thou know'st me not!

Those solemn vows, when last we met,
Exchang'd with sad yet fond regret,
Hast thou so soon forgot?

Oh ! should'st thou deem they dwell not here,
Deep in this heart, with pow'r to cheer,
And held in absence doubly dear,—
Thou know'st me not !

Life of my life !—condemn'd from home,
And thee, it's brightest charm to roan,
Thee have I ne'er forgot:
And should among thy thoughts be this,
That distant scenes have more of bliss,
Life of my life ! the thought dismiss,
Thou know'st me not !

XI.

Our early lov'd!—how oft, with gloom o'ercast,
My thoughts have ponder'd on each blessing past,
Those hours recalling, which, by fate's decree,
Were pass'd in joy—for they were pass'd with
thee!

There was a charm, at break of early morn,
When all in nature seem'd to life new born,
When all in life seem'd innocently gay,
O'er dew-clad hills alone with thee to stray:
There was a pleasure, thro' the moonlit grove,
In contemplation's ecstacy to rove,
When all was still Heav'n's canopy beneath,
Still as the monumental caves of death,
Save when, more sadly sweet at distance heard,
Pour'd her melodious strain Night's plaintive bird.
Past are those pleasures:—to this aching heart
No charm at morn can dew-clad hills impart;

No soothing thought have moonlit groves imprest,
Or Night's sweet songstress, on this suff'ring breast,
Condemn'd in solitude to mourn it's lot,—
For all is solitude—when thou art not !

XII.

Written on the Fourteenth of February.

O THINK not that to heedless mirth,
Nor yet to Satire's sportive vein,
These votive offerings owe their birth,
Nor frames the bard an idle strain.

I know that, in my boyish age,
On days like this 'twas mine to wake
My infant Muse, and stain the page,
For many a careless maiden's sake.

I know that oft the poet's song
To polish'd minds will worthless prove,
Who mingles with the vulgar throng,
And breathes to-day a tale of love.

But thou, to whom in life alone,
Through past but not forgotten years,
My heart's most secret thoughts were known,
It's youthful hopes, it's doubts and fears;

Thou wilt not, on this opening morn,
'Mid rhymes and vows of many a youth,
Deny, with angry brow of scorn,
To these the humble praise of truth.

Thou wilt not, so my hopes foretell,
The tributary lay reprove ;
Nor seek to break the magic spell,
That tunes it to the theme of Love :—

Love—that, in hours by pleasure gilt,
In hours o'ercast with sorrow's blight,
It's hope on thee unchanging built,
And turn'd to thee it's steady light ;

Or learn'd, if led awhile to stray,
By specious arts from thee beguil'd,
Back with fresh zeal to speed it's way,
Where first it's hope arose and smil'd.

That Love, whose wings to sober flight
Tho' reason's voice at length confine,
Still no less vivid, deep, and bright,
Survives within it's sacred shrine.

And as the memory of the past
It's cherish'd hope the more endears ;
So shall it's constant truth outlast
The silent lapse of future years.

XIII.

FAREWELL, Corinna ! and with thee farewell
All that to earth a heav'ly bliss convey'd !
Far, far from thee, my love, shall Leon dwell ;
Far, far from thee his weary bones be laid ;
And soon, if right my boding thoughts foretell,
Soon shall they rest beneath the cypress shade.
One, that will not deceive, one hope is giv'n ;
It soars beyond the tomb—'tis fix'd on Heav'n.

Thou wilt, ere many moons have chang'd, forget
That e'er thy bosom mrs'd one thought for me ;
And, if thou hearest, hear without regret,
How mourns my heart it's perish'd ecstacy ;
That time; grief, absence, have avail'd not yet
To turn my thoughts one day—one hour—from thee :
Thou wilt forget, or heed not, every token
Of Leon's passion, when his heart is broken.

Yet tho' to me thy thoughts return no more,
Tho' the gay world has more persuasive charms ;
Heav'n's choicest bounties I for thee implore,
And life's best blessings in another's arms :
And oh ! may Leon's absence soon restore
Thy peace, nor rend thy bosom with alarms :
And may some worthier youth, tho' none could be
More fond and faithful, share thy joys with thee.

Far from the country of my sires I go,
In climes remote and unexplor'd to roam ;
The sails are set—the favouring breezes blow :—
Adieu, my native land, my cherish'd home !
No more this heart your dear delights shall know :
The dashing waters round the vessel foam ;
Fast from my gaze recedes the less'ning shore ;—
Adieu for evermore, adieu for evermore !

XIV.

FAREWELL ! the dagger's point, in venom dyed,
 No pang more fatal than that word can give ;
Breathe it I could to all the world beside,
 I cannot breathe it unto thee, and live.

Welcome the dagger's point, in venom steep'd !
 For I had thought, albeit tho' sown in tears,
My hope's full harvest might in joy be reap'd,
 Within " the home that plighted love endears."

Farewell ! if unforgiving, still forgiven
 By one—who lov'd thee more than words can tell ;
By one—whose heart, thro' thee to madness driven,
 Breaks, as it faulters forth—farewell, farewell !

PROMETHEUS DESMOTES.

TITAN ! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill ;
And the inexorable Heaven
— — — — —
Refus'd thee ev'n the boon to die ;
The wretched gift Eternity
Was thine—
All that the thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack.

LORD BYRON.

* * * This Poem obtained His Majesty's Gold Medal
for the best composition in English verse, at
Winchester College. A.D. 1813.

PROMETHEUS DESMOTES.

'Tis done—the arm of vengeance wields the rod,
And Jove's dread mandates crush the guilty God :
'Tis done—the ministers of bondage mock
The chain-bound captive on the Scythian rock—
Gigantic Caucasus—whose massy pile
Ne'er felt the fost'ring beams of culture's smile ;
No flow'ry herbage deck'd the mountain-brow ;
It's only vesture was the scatter'd snow ;
It seem'd, in craggy nakedness sublime,
The fittest spot for it's possessor's crime.
There lay Prometheus :—his presumptuous plan
Had scal'd Olympus in behalf of man ;
Had robb'd the mansions of the Sovereign Sire,
And blest his mortals with forbidden fire.
Behold his end ! behold his hopes how marr'd !
Freedom his aim, but bondage his reward—

Eternal bondage ;—whilst insulting pow'r
Reviles the anguish of his adverse hour.

How vain their scorn ! how vain the scorpion
sneer
Of servile fiends to make Prometheus fear !
No abject terrors lash the victim's soul,
No threats dishearten, and no bonds controul ;
No feature gleams with penitence or pain ;
One passion marks his knitted brow—disdain.
With sullen eye, and fix'd unalter'd mien,
He kens the wildness of the snowy scene ;
Hears o'er his head the thund'ring tempest driv'n,
And mocks in reckless scorn the wrath of Heav'n.

To bend his spirit to the will of Jove,
In vain the sister-nymphs of Ocean strove,
Nor Ocean's nymphs, nor Ocean's self could move. }
But, lo ! what sudden radiance gilds the sky ?
What blooming youth attracts the captive's eye ?

Some heav'nly figure treads the pathless air,
Like Phœbus youthful, and like Phœbus fair ;
Each Ocean-nymph the sacred sight reveres,
And hails the herald of the heav'nly spheres.
The proffer'd terms of Jove's relenting hate
He bears, in pity to the captive's fate ;
Reveals the mercy to contrition giv'n,
But paints the vengeance of insulted Heav'n.

No friendly tongue, no monitory voice,
Estrange Prometheus from his sullen choice :
Unbent by pain, in agony sedate,
He sternly views the messenger of fate ;
To Heav'n's high concave rolls his iron eyes,
Still braves the tyrant's pow'r, and thus replies :

“ On terms like these must I my safety gain,
“ And court my freedom by my flight from pain ?
“ Go—beardless boy ! to Heav'n resume thy flight,
“ And cringe submissive to thy Sovereign's might :

“ In vain he tries my settled mind to turn ;
“ His threats I heed not, and his terms I spurn.
“ Though chains confine, though barren rocks dismay,
“ Though rav’ning eagles mark me for their prey,
“ No abject sign shall fix the taint of shame,
“ Or stamp a coward’s weakness, on my fame ;
“ For I have liv’d, since first my life began,
“ The friend, the guardian, and the pride of man.

“ The time shall come, when mightier pow’rs
shall roll
“ The vollied thunders of the troubled pole ;
“ Heav’n’s glorying monarch from his throne be hurl’d ;
“ And proud oppression cease to rock the world :
“ Hail, hour of freedom ! then Jove’s son shall gain
“ This rocky steep, and free my limbs from pain ;
“ From tort’ring bondage shall my soul release,
“ And lull my sorrows with the balm of peace.
“ Let then his vengeance on this head be driv’n,
“ Let warring tempests shake the sunless Heav’n,—

“ Vain is their rage :—nor Heav’n nor Earth combin’d

“ Shall quell the grandeur of a fearless mind.

“ No—welcome Pain ! “ this strong-ribb’d rock
shall fly

“ From it’s firm base,” ere thou extort a sigh ;

“ Ere Jove’s fierce fury make these looks abate

“ One smile of triumph, or one frown of hate.

“ Spontaneous plants on Caucasus shall grow,

“ And spread their fragrance o’er the mantled snow,

“ Ere proud Prometheus dread the Thunderer’s shock,

“ Or look with terror on the rifted rock.

“ Be mine—to brave the tort’ring pangs of
pain,

“ Mock ev’ry threat, and ev’ry ill sustain ;

“ No coward sign of suppliant grief to give,

“ And, when I cease to triumph, cease to live ! ”

HORATIA.

Translated from a Latin Poem in the Musæ Etonenses.

With triumph flush'd, in hostile spoils array'd,
Horatius came, and wav'd his conquering blade :
Soon to a sister's quick enquiring eye
His form was known—yet whence that piercing cry ?
Why from her trembling hands hath fall'n the loom ?
Why from her cheek hath fled the roseate bloom ?
Deck'd with her husband's arms the victor moves,
And bears the pledge of their unhappy loves :
That scarf to weave was once her fondest care,
And his in valour's field the pride to wear.
In tears she rush'd to meet the glorying chief,
While Bacchanalian frenzy fir'd her grief ;

“ O Wretch ! unworthy of a brother's name,
“ Are these, she cried, the trophies of thy fame ?

“ Cam’st thou to mock thy widow’d sister’s moan,
“ Deck’d with the arms in which her husband shone ?
“ Have I for this invok’d the Gods with prayer,
“ In battle’s hour my brother’s life to spare ;
“ That conqnest’s wreath his youthful brows might
 grace,
“ And Heav’n restore him to my fond embrace ?
“ Why have they listen’d to the vows I made ?
“ Alas ! I little knew for what I pray’d :—
“ He lives—bnt one hath perished in the strife,
“ To me more dear than him, more dear than life.
“ Yet, oh ! in justice if the God’s delight,
“ Thee for this deed their vengeful wrath shall
 smite ;
“ Thee—who those bonds hast thus asunder riv’n,
“ By Hymen sanction’d and approv’d of Heav’n.
“ Restore, restore my Lord—alas ! how vain—
“ Where hath my memory stray’d ? my lord is slain ;
“ Slain by thy hand, on earth’s cold bed he lies,
“ Bare to each tempest of the wint’ry skies :

“ Worthy was th’ Imperial sword to wield,
“ And Rome to him had never blush’d to yield.
“ Can aught triumphant in my bosom glow ?
“ My country’s glory only swells my woe !”

She ceas’d—how timeless was the strain of grief !
Unmanly fury seiz’d th’ indignant chief ;
“ Go, false Horatia, traitorous girl !” he cried,
“ And plung’d his sword remorseless in her side,
“ Go, thou who dar’st at Rome’s success to weep,
“ And join thy husband in his last long sleep !
“ Myself will be the author of thy doom ;—
“ Thus perish all the Enemies of Rome !”

THE
PRAISE OF FLATTERY.

From a Latin Poem, in the Classical Journal.

TO A FRIEND.

SLIGHT are thy toils to snare the feather'd race,
Nor hard thy triumph o'er the beasts of chace ;
And finny tribes, beneath the brook that play,
Fall to the hook or net an easy prey :
But should thine utmost efforts vain have prov'd
To win the favour of some Nymph belov'd ;
Let Flatt'ry's art, let Flatt'ry's tongue beguile,
Nor long shall Victory withhold it's smile.
She whom a thousand gifts, a thousand prayers,
Have fail'd to move, shall yield to Flatt'ry's snares ;
Soon o'er her breast shall Love assert his reign,
And courteous favour follow harsh disdain.

THE PRAISE OF FLATTERY.

E'en the fair bride, who spurn'd the nuptial yoke,
Obedience all hath been, when Flatt'ry spoke ;
That voice restor'd the memory of her vow,
And smooth'd the furrow of her angry brow.

Yes—tho' with scorn thy prostrate form be view'd,
Tho' bolted doors forbid thee to intrude,
When Flatt'ry's voice her tuneful charm supplies,
Bolts shall fly back, and smiles shall bid thee rise :
Thus shall we win the maid, or rule the bride ;
Thus Love usurps the vacant shrine of pride.

Whene'er the idol of thy heart draws near,
Be prompt with flatt'ry to delight her ear ;
Lynx-like the smallest beauty to exalt,
Blind as the mole to each defect or fault.
Swear that she smiles with every winning grace,
Tho' boisterous laughter quite distort her face :
She speaks—celestial are the sounds that rise ;
She sings—and Philomel with envy dies.

THE PRAISE OF FLATTERY.

If some rude wasp invade the virgin's lip,
Say that he comes ambrosial sweets to sip.
Be thine to shield her from nocturnal air,
Nor let the solar beam her bloom impair ;
In sultry heat the shadiest spot to seek,
Nor let the wind too roughly touch her cheek.
Say that the breath her coral lip exhales
Might lure the Arab from his scented gales ;
Say that her teeth the palm from ivory win,
And Parian marble vies not with her skin.

Lovers in vain from bended knees may rise,
Unless they praise their Chloes to the skies ;
And swear, whate'er they do, where'er they move,
A Grace they rival, or the Queen of Love.

TRANSLATION,

(From the Latin)

OF

LINES ENGRAVED ON A WINDOW AT CALAIS.



BLOW, Eastern Wind ! and fill these home-bound
sails :

Oft hath the Traveller chid your lingering gales ;
In prayers consum'd the night, in sighs the day,
And felt with aching heart your long delay.

Oft hath he roam'd the shore, and turn'd his eyes
Where Albion's white cliffs o'er the billows rise ;
And fix'd his wistful gaze, and lov'd to drain
The distant prospect o'er the hostile main.

There, as in mockery, on that wish'd-for shore,
He sees the tow'rs of Dover heav'n-ward soar ;
He sees—but cannot reach, by storms confin'd,
And the harsh mandate of an adverse wind.

ON
A STATUE OF ADONIS.

—
FROM THE LATIN.
—

WHEN first afar the sculptur'd form was seen,
Delight and wonder seiz'd the Cyprian Queen :
Forward she bounds ; and, " Oh ! what fate," she
saith,
" New life hath giv'n thee, long deplo'rd in death ?"
With glee she hastes the lov'd embrace to seek,
And print warm kisses on the snowy cheek :
Yet when the threat'ning boar her eyes behold,
Chill sudden fears her faltering limbs enfold.
Breathes not the stone with life ?—Adonis charms
The tender Goddess, and the Boar alarms.

FROM MARTIAL.

BOOK I.—EPIGRAM 14.

PŒTUS AND ARRIA.

WHEN from her bosom Arria drew the sword,
Dyed with her blood, and gave it to her lord ;
“ No pain I suffer from the wound,” she said,
“ But thine, my Poetus, fills my soul with dread.”

BOOK I.—EPIGRAM 34.

Gellia in private weeps not for the dead ;
When friends surround, her ready tears are shed :
Feign’d is their grief, who seek applause to reap ;
They weep sincerely, who in secret weep.

THE
ILL-OMENED NUPTIALS.

Suggested by the Tale of a "Father's Curse," in a Work entitled
"Highways and Byways."

No flow'r on the church-way path was strew'd,
Her ear not a blessing greeted ;
And far from her side, in disdainful mood,
The friends of her house retreated.

Joyless and blank to her was the scene ;—
In secrecy wed and sorrow,
She bitterly dwelt on what might have been,
And thought in despair on the morrow.

I have ever found, in the humblest shed,
Howe'er pamper'd pride may have scorn'd it,

THE ILL-OMENED NUPTIALS.

Of two faithful hearts, tho' in poverty wed,
That the glow of content hath adorn'd it.

But, alas ! o'er this fair one's bridal abode
The cloud of despair seem'd to hover,
The light of a smile o'er her face never glow'd,
Never beam'd in the eye of her lover.

Did she mourn o'er her hopes laid early low,—
O'er the loss of friends, fortune, or honour ?—
Oh ! ask not the cause—enough to know
That a father's curse was upon her !

FRAGMENTS,

Originally intended for insertion in the Poem of Emma.

SAY not the eye of memory loves to view
Departed joys that careless childhood knew ;
That earlier blessings, woke to thought, can pour
A tranquil balm in grief's impending hour.
No—from the retrospect of joys decay'd,
Of hopes that bloom'd in brightest hue,—to fade—
There breathes a voice of melancholy tone,
Sad as the sigh despondence ponrs alone :—
An agony, that passeth all relief,
And adds fresh venom to the sting of grief.

—Albert was young ;—the world esteem'd him fair ;
And few with Albert could the world compare

In warmth of heart, and gaiety of mien,
That prov'd the peace of Innocence within.
Sprung from a noble race, his sire had mov'd
In camps and counsels honour'd and approv'd ;
Fame in the fight his valorous deeds had won,
And the same spirit rous'd to arms the son.

“ Go, said the Chief, my dutous boy ! 'twere
base
“ The paths of pleasurable ease to trace,
“ Whilst proud ambition waves her fatal brand,
“ And freedom trembles for thy native land.
“ In the transition of each changeful year,
“ Albert ! thou hast not caus'd thy sire a tear ;
“ Thou hast not caus'd him by misdeed to wear
“ The blush of shame or sorrow for his heir.
“ Let all thine acts be true to honour's aim,
“ Let all thy thoughts a guiltless soul proclaim ;
“ So shall my latest days be clos'd in joy,
“ And Heav'n, that loves the virtuous, guard my Boy ! ”

Nigh to the hamlet, where, apart from strife,
And all the tumults of a worldly life,
Fair Emma's parents fix'd their calm retreat,
'Twas Albert's lot his martial band to meet :
And few the days (for busy tongues proclaim
Swiftly and far surpassing beauty's fame)
That fled, ere Emma's charms his bosom mov'd ;
He heard, admiring—he beheld, and lov'd.
Who hath not felt, whose pen essays to prove
The sweet emotions of a first pure love,
When heart with heart in unison accords,
Who hath not felt the feebleness of words ?—

—Was this to last ?—had true love's course begun
At length unruffled, smooth, and clear, to run ?
Could War “ the sympathy of choice ” approve,
Nor dare divide the favourites of Love ?—

—The march began :—to Love's light hours farewell!
A sterner mistress, and a heavier spell,
In harsh controul the warrior's heart shall hold,
And each untasted pang of love unfold :
For all was joy the traitor yet had giv'n,
Nor e'en one cloud had dimm'd his glimpse of Heav'n.
The march began ; Morn's earliest beams, that play'd
With gem-like lustre o'er the dew-sprent glade,
O'er burnish'd helms diffus'd their light afar,
And all the “ pomp and circumstance of War.”

EMMA'S LAMENT.

'Tis not that, far from home and me,
To foreign climes hath Albert gone,
Apart from scenes of mirth and glee,
I wander thus and weep alone.

A Sire's command he only hears,
Shall I a Sire's command reprove ?
Or teach him, by these burning tears,
To think on duty less than love ?

I mourn not, that on peril's brink
In battle's rage my Albert stands ;
Who loves a Soldier must not think
On aught but glory's bright demands :
In furious charge, or slow retreat,
To honour all his thoughts are due ;
And can he ever learn deceit,
Whose thoughts are there to honour true ?

Alas ! that months have slowly roll'd
Away, since last we met, I mourn ;
I mourn that Albert's bosom cold
Ne'er throbs for her's with anguish torn.
Some token of his love, he vow'd,
Some tidings of his fate, to send :
Can I of Albert's fame be proud,
Whose faith has found so swift an end ?

There is a pang, a deadly pang,
Which few can tell, though many feel,
That, like the asp's envenom'd fang,
Inflicts a wonnd too deep to heal :
'Tis felt, when hope no more can frame
Some fond excuse for one remov'd,
Whose long long absence must proclaim
Forgetfulness of her he lov'd.

'Tis felt, how keenly felt ! when first
By rumour's busy tongue are spread

FRAGMENTS.

Of broken faith those hints accurst,
Forgotten vows, and passion fled.
And must I e'er relinquish quite
The last faint lingering hope of bliss ?
Return—or write, O Albert ! write ;
And save me from a pang like this !

FRAGMENTS

OF AN

UNFINISHED POEM ON "WATERLOO."

—IN Waterloo's surrounding fields array'd,
Britannia's troops their fearless force display'd :
Firm as the rocks which guard their native home ;
Fierce as the seas that lash those rocks, they come ,

FRAGMENTS.

No private thoughts their public zeal delay,
No doubts discourage, and no fears dismay ;
For who can doubt, when justice arms the bands ?
Or who can fear, when Wellington commands ?

— — — — —

— Thine was the triumph, Britain ! each design,
The blow, the honour, and the fame was thine :
From glory's seat thy pow'r the spoiler hurl'd,
And broke the spell that paralyz'd the world !
And should Oppression, with reviving life
Again disseminate the seeds of strife,
Should pow'r again by favouring chance be giv'n
To arm the foes of freedom and of Heav'n,
Ne'er shalt thou want, in peril's darkest hour,
The voice of counsel, or the hand of pow'r ;
Ne'er shalt thou want, when Peace her wand remove,
An arm to succour, or a heart to love.

WRITTEN
ON THE
COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW YEAR.

Who hath not felt that each succeeding year
Snatches from mortal life some charm away ?
Adds to the pang of disappointment's tear,
And dims the lustre of life's sunny ray ?
The mist which fancy o'er our childhood flings
Fades from the brightness of maturer thought ;
Yet still with fond regret our memory clings
To visions which with hope and joy were fraught,
And thinks with many a sigh experience dearly
bought.

Oh ! not the feelings of disgust and pride
Be ours to boast—but nurse that holy love,
Which coldly turns from vanity aside,
To fix it's centred energy above

On that blest world, where sin will not remain,
Nor passion force the agonizing tear ;
But the freed soul, all innocent again,
Before it's great Creator will appear,
And meet in Heav'n that peace we vainly seek for
here.

Lives there the man, whose heart no sadness knew,
Whose eyes have never beam'd with pity's dew,
When fate to nought the lover's hope hath hurl'd,
And burst the tie that beautified the world ?
He never read, whose cheek no tears o'erflow,
The sad recital of Arion's woe ;
Nor how, 'mid Lonna's rocks, the bleeding Youth
Pour'd into friendship's ear his bosom's truth ;
For Anna's lot his last sad blessing sigh'd,
Thought of his home—O bitter thought !—and died.

When the proud Corsair, mighty in despair,
Spurn'd thy frail charms, insidious Galnare !

And, link'd with pirates to a life of ill,
Turn'd to his Bride, all faith and fondness still,
Who hath not deem'd that virtuous love alone
Could half the measure of his crimes atone ?
Alas ! when, steering to his lonely isle,
He sees in thought his idol's greeting smile,
Yet meets alone a lifeless victim there,
Who hath not wept at Conrad's wild despair ?

And lives there one, whose calculating aim
Love would discard for lucre or for fame ?
Whose heart to nought but selfish views awake,
Can feel no pity when the false forsake ;
Nor yet with sympathizing joy approve,
When bliss unbounded crowns connubial love ?
Who that hath mark'd, in Prior's strains pourtray'd,
The changeless faith of Henry's "nut-brown maid ;"
Who that her fearless ardour hath ador'd,
To roam the wild woods with her banish'd lord ;
With Stoic coldness could the wish reprove,
That Heav'n might bless him with an Emma's Love ?

FROM THE
ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES.

APOLLO LOQUITUR.—VERSE 1.

HAIL, royal house—whose halls I trod
Slave among slaves, myself a God !
For Jove to me this penance doom'd ;
When, mad to see my Son consum'd
By his destroying bolts, I hurl'd
The fiends that forg'd them from the world.
To earth I came, his herds to feed,
Who kindly sooth'd my hour of need ;
And ever hath the care been mine
To shield from ill this honour'd line.
'Twas mine the sire from death to save ;
Yet when this boon the Parcae gave,
Another's soul for his they doom'd
Should be within the grave entomb'd.

FAMULA LOQUITUR.

No friend for him resigns his breath ;
 Each aged parent shrinks from death ;
 But lo ! his spouse prepares to prove
 The triumph of connubial love.
 For him she dies—and this the fatal day ;
 E'en now the Spirit hastens to decay :
 Far must I linger from this dear abode,
 For Death's pollution ill becomes a God.*



FAMULA LOQUITUR.—VERSE 153.

On ! best of Wives, Alcestis :—who could prove,
 Of Womankind, more pure, more firm, in love ;

* The Goddess Diana thus says in the Hippolytus,

“ and now
 Farewell ! to see the dying and the dead
 Is not permitted me ; it would pollute
 Mine eyes ; and thou art near this fatal ill.”

(POTTER'S Translation, v. 1516.)

Who yield more honour to the nuptial tie,
Than she who hastens for her lord to die?
Reveal'd to all her fond design hath been ;
But I within have mark'd each moving scene,
That gave fresh fame to Love's surpassing pow'r,
And shed new lustre on her dying hour.
Soon as the destin'd day the matron knew,
O'er her fair limbs the holy wave she threw ;
In sumptuous vest her glowing form array'd,*
Stood forth at Vesta's shrine, and thus she pray'd—

To thee, prepar'd with life to part
My latest vows I bear ;
Console, O Queen ! a Mother's heart,
And hear a Mother's prayer !

O shield my children here below,
And with thy counsel guide ;

* Ceremonies performed by the ancients preparatory to their funeral.

On this a noble Spouse bestow,
On that a faithful bride !

Nor let them, like their parent, fall
In life's meridian hour ;
But long, in their ancestral hall,
O'er each thy blessings show'r !



Then on each shrine in order due she laid
The votive chaplet, knelt to each, and pray'd ;
Pluck'd without tear or sigh the myrtle wreath,
Nor chang'd nor trembled at the approach of death.

Yet not unmov'd her nuptial couch she view'd ;
To this she clung, and tears her cheek bedew'd :
" Farewell ! dear witness of my vows," she cried,
" Where first I came a joyful virgin bride,

“ Farewell ! to thee no blame in wrath I give ;
“ To die I leave thee, that my lord may live.
“ Thee to some other love I thus resign,
“ Perchance more happy, not more pure than mine.”
Rush'd o'er her soul the bliss of earlier years,
The couch she kiss'd, and bath'd it with her tears ;
Oft, as distracted from it's sight she flew,
Dear and more dear the sad remembrance grew ;
And oft again the parting tear she shed
In frantic anguish o'er her nuptial bed.

Her children weeping to her garments clung ;
O'er these with all a Mother's love she hung,
A dying Mother's fondness :—Grief was seen
In every eye for Pheræ's dying queen :
In tears each servant to her chamber prest,
Her hand she gave, and each by turns addrest ;
Nor one so lowly in her sight was there,
As not to meet some token of her care.

Such are the ills these royal walls surround ;
Sav'd is Admœtus from death's fatal wound ;
Yet shall oblivious streams near wash away
The bitter thought of this disastrous day.

EPITAPH.

HERE rests, redeem'd from all the toils of life,
Toils without murmur borne, a warrior's wife.
Thro' distant realms, where Love and Duty led,
Thro' fields of peril, and 'mid scenes of dread,
She pass'd—thrice blest a husband's lot to cheer,
'Till call'd to move within a brighter sphere.
Her's was a mother's gladness—to her breast
In rosy smiles her first-born babe she prest;
But when Love's second pledge new joy supplied,
Death's mandate came—and not alone she died :
This guileless infant shares it's mother's bier,
That lives to dry a widow'd father's tear.

Finis.







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